

ZINK, Elizabeth

MY CAPSULE FRIEND

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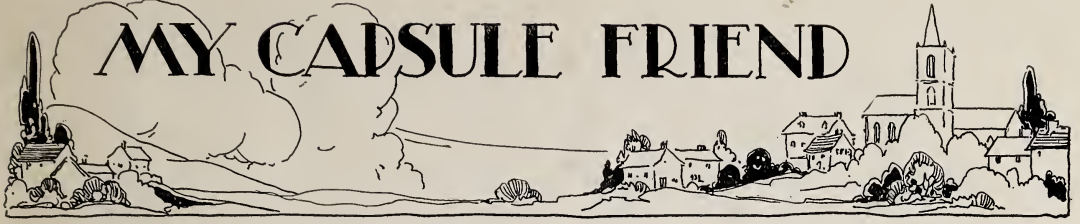
1931



AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR THE BLIND INC.

~~GIFT OF~~

MY CAPSULE FRIEND



By BETTY FERGUSON

Chapter I

Elizabeth Zink

It was a lovely Sunday morning, a morning that smelled just like a poem that I had recited once in school about crocuses and spring-time flowers. I loved that smell. It seemed especially good because the day was Sunday. I had not been to Sunday school for two weeks, and I had meant not to miss a single one of Miss Lee's stories. Miss Lee was my teacher. Sometimes I did not like the lesson so very much, but she would tell a story about it and then it would become a lovely lesson.

I hurried to meet Eva Hall and walk with her.

"O Ethel," she said, "they sang your favorite hymn last Sunday."

"'Now the Day Is Over'?" I asked.

She nodded.

There! That was just the way of it. If one missed a single Sunday something like that was bound to happen.

"And they're going to have a capsule party," continued Eva.

"A capsule party!" I couldn't imagine what possible fun there could be with capsules. They were full of horrid, bitter stuff. "Eva,

you must be wrong. It couldn't be capsules. Why, they are just horrid."

"I don't care; they are capsules. Doctor Bruce said that he would tell us something more about it to-day. He said we should have a merry time with our capsule friends, and——"

"Capsule friends!" I interrupted. "Now I'm more than ever sure that you are wrong. You can't get a friend into a capsule. What are you talking about?"

We had reached the Sunday school room by then, and couldn't talk any more about it because Mr. Valentine was going in; he was the organist. When he walked down the side aisle and sat before the organ, in the corner that was green, red, and purple when the sun shone through Saint Michael in the memorial window, everybody was quiet. It was time to begin.

We were just finishing the first hymn when I happened to look at Miss Lee. I thought of the capsules and giggled. I knew that I should not have done it, but the giggle was out and could not be helped. She frowned and shook her head.



I hurried to meet Eva Hall.

I tried to think of something sad, so that I would not laugh any more. I thought how Dicky Rivers always pulled my cat's tail when he got a chance. That always made me angry; so I stopped thinking of the capsules and of Miss Lee. We sang another hymn, and I watched the shadow of a bird in a red triangle of light from the memorial window. The bird was outside hopping on a twig.

The lesson was over—a nice lesson, too, all about Jesus' loving children and wanting them to come to Him. It made me think of little things that I wished I had not done. I wished that I had not laughed at Miss Lee when I loved her so. I

squeezed her hand; she smiled, and then I knew that everything was all right.

Doctor Bruce was reading the notices. I liked that part. Of course the sewing circles and socials for the grown-ups did not interest me, but there was always sure to be something for the younger folk. He was smiling down upon us the way my dad smiles when he says, "Which hand?" Then, if I guess right, I get something nice.

"And now," said Doctor Bruce, "I have the details for the capsule party."

He put on his glasses again. Eva Hall turned around. I knew why she was turning around; it was because she was right about the capsules. I turned my head the other way and pretended not to see her.

"Here is a dish of capsules." Doctor Bruce tipped the dish a little so that we could see inside it; and, sure enough, it was full of capsules. "The dish will be on a table at the door," he went on. "As each person passes by, he will take one capsule. Inside each capsule is a tiny roll of paper. On this paper is the name and the address of the boy or the girl who is to be your capsule friend. You will write letters to your friend and sign them any way you choose; not, of course, using your own name, for then there would be no surprise. On the fifteenth of June there will be a gar-

den party on the church grounds. At that time every one will know who his capsule friend has been. Until then, that part will remain a secret.”

I could scarcely wait to get to the door to get my capsule. At last I had it. I picked one from the very middle of the pile. The vestibule was filled with boys and girls, all laughing and talking about the capsule game. There in that crowd must surely be my capsule friend, and I wondered who it was. At the door stood Barbara Bond. I wished that she might be my friend. She was so bright; I should be sure to get lovely letters. Then I began to wonder whose friend I was.

Over by the fountain in the churchyard I opened my capsule and pulled out the little roll of paper. I read the name: “Sally Morgan, 15 King St.” Who was she? I had never heard of her in all my life. Why,

I thought I knew every one in that whole Sunday school; but Sally Morgan—well, I didn’t know her. I couldn’t ask a soul either, because that would give it right away that she was to be my capsule friend.

I could see the pink of Eva Hall’s dress through some ivy leaves. She was opening her capsule. Then she saw me and came running with her capsule in her hand.

“O Ethel, I’ve got the loveliest friend, but I can’t tell you who it is.”

I did not answer. I was looking for a strange face, for somebody who looked as if her name might be Sally Morgan.

“Did you get a nice friend?” asked Eva.

“I don’t know,” I said.
“I mean, I think so.” Oh,

It was time to begin.





I picked one from the very middle of the pile.

dear, I had almost let it out that I did not know her.

But Eva did not notice. Instead, she asked:

"See that girl in the blue dress, that one just crossing the street alone? She's a new girl in our class. Nobody likes her. She's so kind of quiet and queer."

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know—Sally something. Say, Ethel, I don't want to go for a walk today. I'm going home and write to my capsule friend."

I went home too, but I did not write to my capsule friend. The joy of the big surprise was all gone. To think of writing letters to a girl I did not know, to one whom nobody liked! Tears came into my eyes. It was terrible. Everybody was hav-

ing a good time but me. I even forgot to wonder again whose capsule friend I was.

My nose was red when I went to the dinner table. Dad pulled my chair out and bowed very low. Lots of times he is funny like that. He picked up the sugar bowl and said:

"How many lumps does madam wish?" He dropped two lumps into my cup and kissed me. "What!" he cried, "tears! Well, well! When my little madam cries, something is sure to be wrong—

terribly wrong. Now, let's see this thing to a finish, you and me."

Then I cried again, and told him all about the capsule party; how I was supposed to write to a girl whom I had seen only once in all my life, and the worst of it all was that nobody liked her.

"And I'm not going to write to her," I said with a new burst of tears.

Dad was drumming on the table with his fingers. He always does that when he is thinking.

"Well," he said, "I guess everybody is a stranger to begin with. I remember the time when you were a stranger in that very same Sunday school, and you didn't have very much to say. I am surprised. I should have thought that nobody would have ill feelings toward a

little stranger in a Sunday school."

Oh, why did Dad talk like that? Usually he understands everything. He and Mother often talk about pride. This had everything to do with my pride, but Dad just could not see it.

"What's her name?" asked Dad. "I might know her father, perhaps. That would help, wouldn't it?"

"I can't tell her name. That is to be a secret until the garden party."

"Oh, I see," said Dad. "That is when you will find out who has been writing to you. Well, perhaps I can scout around for a little stranger in the Sunday school. That would not be telling me, would it? I begin to feel quite badly about it. I don't want my little girl to feel embarrassed at that garden party when everybody finds out how she has treated a little stranger."

The next day I received a letter.

"Dearest, darling Ethel:" it read, "I shall see you in Sunday school. You will surely know me, for I shall have on a hat and a coat. Ta-ta until then. Your friend, Lizzie Capsule."

I showed it to Mother and Dad. I took it to school with me. Everybody thought it was very funny.

"That one just crossing the street alone?"

"Now," said Dad, "that ought to give you an idea of what to write to your capsule friend."

"But I'm not going to write to her."

Oh, why didn't Dad understand? Why should he look so sad? It hurt me to have him look like that.

"Listen, little girl!" he said. "After this we shall not talk about it again. But think about the garden party and don't do anything that might make you wish to live these few weeks over again." He kissed me. "Think hard. I know



and trust this little girl of mine.”

Dad didn't talk to me any more about it. Every day I got a funny letter. The other girls got letters too, and we had the jolliest times reading them.

Friday afternoon I played the piano for the junior girls' chorus. I lifted the lid of the piano bench to get the music book, and there, right on top, was the dearest handkerchief! On it was an envelope that read: "To dear Ethel, my capsule friend. My picture is inside this envelope." I took the picture out, thinking how silly she was to send it to me then. Why, that would really spoil all the fun. To my surprise, I saw a picture of a girl reading in a chair. Her face was hidden behind her book. Every one crowded around. No one could think who the girl might be. Not one bit of her face showed. Find-

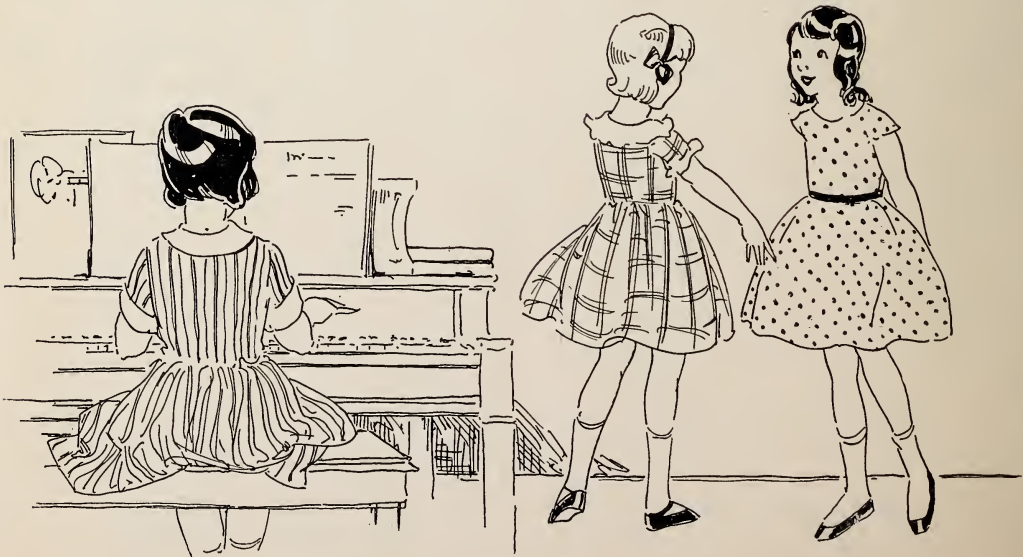
ing things like that, in corners and under things where one would least expect them, was lovely. It was stacks of fun.

It was some time before we could quiet down enough to sing. I sat at the grand piano and played. Over the top of the music book I could see Sally Morgan. Smiling, she was, just as though she too were getting letters and things. Some one was really talking to her. I leaned forward to see who it was. Oh, Polly Carewe—I might have known. Polly always talked to every one. That did not mean a thing. Sally Morgan was nodding her head and laughing. Well, it wasn't because she had received a letter. I happened to know that she had not.

I wondered what, then, could make her so happy.

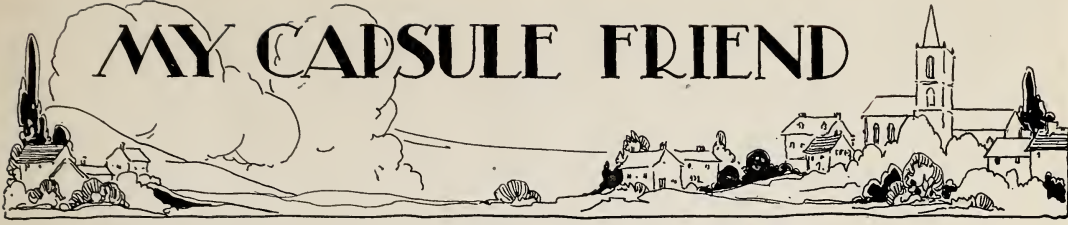
(To be concluded)

Over the top of the music book I could see Sally Morgan.



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MY CAPSULE FRIEND



By BETTY FERGUSON

Elizabeth Zink

THE STORY SO FAR

Chapter II

Ethel went to Sunday school after having missed one Sunday. She found plans for a capsule party under way. Each child was to take a capsule in which was rolled a slip of paper bearing the name and address of a boy or a girl to whom the child should write letters without signing his own name. Ethel drew a capsule holding the name of a girl who was a stranger in the Sunday school. The other girls had not taken kindly to Sally Morgan, the little stranger; so, to be one with the rest of them, Ethel refused to write to her capsule friend. However, Ethel received letters and gifts from her own capsule friend.

Every day the excitement grew. Every one was almost afraid to sit down, for fear of sitting on a surprise. The letters were growing funnier all the time.

One day I received some poetry. Then I thought that my capsule friend must be a boy, for I did not know a single girl who could write poetry; and, besides, the poetry was about polliwogs and things that boys like. Then, again, I was quite sure that it was not a boy when I pulled my geography out of my desk one morning and found sticking out of it a piece of chewing gum dressed in crêpe paper just like a doll. It had a yellow dress with green points that made me think of spring flowers. The head was stuffed with cotton, and the prettiest face was drawn on it with a pen. What a wonderful capsule friend I had! She could write poetry, she could draw, and she could write clever letters. I longed for the day when I should know her, perhaps to make a real friend of her, because I love bright people.

*A piece of gum dressed
like a doll.*



Finally it was Saturday, the morning of the garden party. Polly Carewe was trimming the table with crêpe paper. She always trims up for the parties. It is a hobby of hers. She has another hobby too: she likes goldfish. She opened the locker door to get

Peggy looked hurt and astonished.

"Oh, I don't mean the kind of selfishness that would make you take the biggest apple, and things like that," quickly explained Mother. "But what do you think about when you are lonely? Isn't it of yourself that you keep thinking, and of the good times you might have if we were back in Belleville?"

"Ye—s, I suppose it is," Peggy hesitated, "but I didn't know that that was selfishness."

"Well, suppose you try a new plan today and see what happens. Try to forget all about yourself, and to think only of the other children in your room. Maybe you will find some other little girl who is lonely. Finding some one like that and trying to make her happy perhaps will keep you from being so lonely yourself."

They were at school. As it was almost time for the last bell Peggy went in, and Mrs. Brown walked back home. As she stopped in at the library on the way and also at the grocer's, there was not much more than time to tidy up the house and get luncheon ready before the hour for Peggy to come home again.

Just as she had set out a dainty luncheon on the table in the back yard, thinking that eating out-of-doors might help to cheer a lonely little girl, she heard Peggy slam the front door and come bounding in.

"O Mother, I've found her!"

"Found whom?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Found the little girl who is lonelier than I. It's Jane. I would not have known it, only Miss Flynn asked Jane how soon her mother would be back, and I heard Jane

say that she had to stay another week.

"I knew that a little girl whose mother had to stay away another week must be lonely. So at recess time I asked Jane if she could play with me sometime while her mother is away; and she can come tonight, Mother. She's lonely because her mother is far away, visiting her grandmother. Mother, may I have Jane come here for dinner tonight?"

"Indeed, you may," answered Mrs. Brown, who was happy to have her gay little Peggy back again. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You get your little dishes out, and you and Jane may have your dinner out here in the yard tonight too. I believe there will be time for you girls to make some little cakes. Perhaps Jane likes to cook just as well as you like it."

Jane did like to cook just as much as Peggy did. Mother let them bake cookies, and with their tiny cutters they made the dough into all sorts of shapes and sizes. Mother supplied them with plenty of raisins and tiny candies for decoration.

(Please turn to page 38)



Jane did like to cook just as much as Peggy did.

the crêpe paper, and right there was a lovely goldfish bowl with her name on it. Inside was the prettiest little goldfish I ever saw, and a big bow was tied on the bowl—crimson and gold—our class colors. I was filling nut cups and folding napkins. I hustled as fast as ever I could and hurried home to see if there might not be one last letter from my capsule friend. And there it was.

"I hope you will like me," was all it said. It was signed, "Maggie Capsule." Of course I should like her. I loved her already.

I ran to show the letter to Dad, but I stopped when I saw him talking with a man whom I never had seen before. Dad doesn't like to have me run in like that when he is talking business. I turned to go, but the stranger held out his hand and smiled.

"So this is your little Ethel? Well, well! you have every reason in the world to be proud."

My, but he was a big man, and almost as handsome as my dad.

"Yes," answered Dad, "I am usually very proud of my little girl. Ethel, shake hands with Mr. Morgan."

I swallowed hard.

"Have—have you a little girl named Sally?" I stammered.

"Indeed I have," he said, "and I am as proud as a peacock of her. You will have to get acquainted. She feels a little shy, not knowing many girls. But she will know them soon. She is going to a capsule party this afternoon, and——"

I don't remember the rest, nor how I got away. Mother was baking a pudding—my favorite. She smiled and threw me a kiss, but I couldn't throw one back. I was thinking.

"Mother," I asked, "is that man who is talking to Dad rich?"

"Not so very rich, dear, but he has



*She smiled and
threw me a kiss
but I couldn't
throw one
back.*

plenty of influence. If he likes your dad it will mean a great deal to us all."

I ran to my room and threw myself on the bed. I was too scared to cry. That afternoon Sally would know. Her dad would know, and everything that would have been nice for Dad and us would be ruined. Why had I listened to Eva Hall? Oh, why had I! What was it that Dad had said about my wanting to live these few weeks over again? Oh, I would if I only could. If only I could be dreaming! But I wasn't.

Mother was calling me to dinner. She and Dad were too interested in talking about his success with Mr. Morgan to take much notice of me. It was hard



There stood—Sally Morgan!

for me to eat even my favorite pudding.

Then I dressed for the party. At first I thought I could not go; but I did so want to know the friend who had written me such lovely letters and had sent me so many nice surprises. All of a sudden a thought came to me. Why, the rest need never know! Funny that I hadn't thought of that before. I would tell Sally the whole story. I would even own up how hateful I had been and how dreadfully sorry I was. But would that save Dad's success? Oh, dear, there must be a way. Perhaps Sally would know a way, if she forgave me. Maybe she would promise to keep it a secret. Anyway, whatever happened, I knew that I must tell the truth. Dad says, "Sometimes things look mighty black, but the truth wins every time."

The church lawn looked beautiful. The table was dainty white with knots of crimson-and-gold crêpe paper. In

the center was a large basket of red and yellow roses.

"Aren't they just too lovely?" cried Polly. "Mr. Morgan sent them to us." I felt happy about the roses, for I knew that I was going to tell the truth. A girl who was as bright as Sally Morgan was would try to understand.

The yard was filling with boys and girls. I looked everywhere for Sally, but she wasn't there. Doctor Bruce tinkled a bell, and I was miserable all over again. I wanted so much to tell the truth, but Sally wasn't there.

"And now," Doctor Bruce was saying, "we are to become acquainted with our mysterious friends. There should certainly grow a great comradeship out of some of the letters I have seen." He held up a hand mirror. "Here is a mirror. Each of you in turn will hold it and will close his eyes. Your unknown capsule friend will stand behind you, looking over your shoulder into the mirror. I shall then ring this bell. Open your eyes, and you will see your capsule friend smiling at you from the mirror. Now, Barbara, you may hold the mirror first."

Barbara Bond took it, and just imagine! Eva Hall had been writing to her all these weeks.

Finally, it was my turn. I took the mirror and closed my eyes. I heard a step behind me; the bell tinkled; I opened my eyes; and there stood—Sally Morgan.

I stared at her, smiling at me from the mirror.

"You—Sally Morgan!" I cried. "Oh, it cannot be, for you are——"

But I knew I must not tell her then, right in front of everybody. No, we must be quite alone. I thought of the corner of the Sunday school room where the sun would be shining through the

angel Michael. But first I must tell her how I liked her letters, the poems, and everything.

Dicky Rivers took the mirror. I didn't even notice who his friend was.

"Oh, Sally," I cried, "you wrote such lovely letters and sent me such lovely surprises! You can do everything, can't you?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "but I like to do a great many things."

"I am so glad that you were my capsule friend," I said, "because—oh, Sally, let's go into the Sunday school room where we can talk about it."

Just then Doctor Bruce said: "It is your turn, Sally. You may now take the mirror."

Sally took the mirror, closed her eyes, and stood there waiting. I couldn't move. I stared first at Sally, then at Doctor Bruce. I felt all alone in a big world where nobody cared, and it was all my fault.

"Well, well, is Sally's capsule friend not here?" asked Doctor Bruce.

Then I walked behind Sally. Doctor Bruce tinkled the bell, and Sally opened her eyes. She stared at me for a moment with her eyes and her mouth wide open. She didn't smile at me from the mirror. She just turned around, with the mirror in her hand, and hugged and kissed me in front of every one.

"Well, if this isn't a coincidence, for Ethel and Sally to draw each other," Doctor Bruce smiled. Every one was crowding around and talking about it. I laughed too, because Sally was happy. I could not imagine why. I shouldn't have been happy if I hadn't received any letters and surprises.

Hope Ross took the mirror from Sally. Everybody was waiting for

the party's fun to continue again.

I turned to Sally.

"Let's go into the Sunday school room and talk," I said again. "I have something I want to tell you."

"Let's," agreed Sally.

We ran over the lawn, up the steps, and through the vestibule to the big Sunday school room. We were walking down the side aisle toward the purple, red, and green corner when Sally took my hand.

"O Ethel," she said, "I want to thank you for all those clippings you sent about the presidents."

Clippings! I stared at her, but she was too happy to notice. I had been collecting every clipping that I saw about the lives of our presidents and had pasted them in a book. But how had she gotten any of them? I certainly had not sent them.

"I liked the way you signed your name too," continued Sally, "'Iama Capsule.'" It was so original and clever. And the little handkerchief with the lace edge was lovely. I liked it so well that I am carrying it. See?" And she held up



"We will keep it a secret forever."

before me a pretty little handkerchief.

True enough, it was a handkerchief that I had bought. Mother had shown me how to sew on a neat lace edge, so that I might have it ready for some one's birthday. But how had Sally gotten it?

All the time that Sally was talking, I was thinking. Then it all came to me. My dad had said that he would scout around and find out who was a stranger in the Sunday school. Of course that was it. He could not bear to see me

sorry and unhappy, so he had made it seem as though I had been sending things to Sally all along.

Of course, I was mixed up in my mind about the clippings. I had worked hard collecting them and pasting them into my book, but the loss of them was nothing compared with my joy at knowing that everything was all right. No one need know—not even Sally. What a wonderful Dad I had! I would never, never displease him again. I would—but Sally was speaking to me——.

"Ethel, I shall love you always. It's terribly lonely not knowing any one. When you sent me that card with the little 'Welcome' verse on it I didn't feel lonely any more. I knew that I was wanted and loved too."

Then I knew that things were not right yet. Truth wins out, and I was not telling the truth. But, would Sally love me when she knew? Would she? I began to have faith in the truth that Dad had taught me.

"Sally," I said, looking hard at Saint Michael to keep back the tears, "I didn't send you the clippings, nor the handkerchief, nor anything. My dad sent them without letting me know. O Sally!" Then the tears did come, and I told her the whole miserable story the best I could. "And I love you, Sally, honestly, I do," I finished. "I'm so sorry. Will you forgive me?"

"Why, of course I love you and forgive you, and we will keep it a secret forever." Then Sally kissed me.

I could not have been happier. The truth had won out. Together we walked out to the garden party, talking of the many nice times we should have together. The capsule friends were all acquainted now, and every one was finding a place at the beautiful table all trimmed with crimson



I sat down—right on something.

(Please turn to page 19)

The Stranger

By LILITH SHELL

Katheryn had to go to a strange school. Oh, how hard it was the first day! With her father and mother, Katheryn had moved away from the town where they knew every one, into a strange, new place. The teacher was strange—Katheryn did not even know her name—and all the children were strange. It was all that she could do to keep from bursting out crying; but the teacher soon came and stood beside her seat.

"I am Miss Blake," she said kindly.

"And my name," said the boy in the seat just in front of Katheryn, rising and turning toward her, "is Robert Elton."

Katheryn smiled at him, but she had scarcely time for the smile when the girl straight across the aisle to her left stood up and said:

"My name is Jean Morrow. You may use any of my things any time you wish."

"Oh, thank you," stammered Katheryn. Really, they were being very nice to her. Then she felt a little tap on her shoulder and, looking behind her, she saw another boy standing up and smiling at her.

"I'm Edward Smith," he said. "I'm your 'back-door neighbor.'"

All the children laughed. Edward meant that his seat was behind Katheryn's.

"And I am Anna Jane Morris," said the little girl across the aisle to the right.

"Now, Katheryn," said the teacher, "you know five of us. Miss Blake"—here she pointed to herself—"Robert, Jean, Edward, and Anna Jane," pointing to the different children as she

named them, "all your nearest neighbors; so you are not a stranger now. In a little while you will know every one of us." And every child in the room nodded and smiled at Katheryn.



My Capsule Friend

(Continued from page 18)

and gold. Miss Lee was looking for me.

"Ethel," she said, "you and Sally sit here." And she drew out chairs for us.

My, but I was glad that I had come! We were having such a lovely time. Sally was getting acquainted with, and being loved by every one, and I was sharing in her love.

On the way home Eva Hall said: "O Ethel, I'm so sorry I said those things about Sally Morgan. I love her."

"So do I," I said. "I think she is wonderful."

Dad and Mother were just sitting down to supper. "Oh, I couldn't eat a bite!" I said.

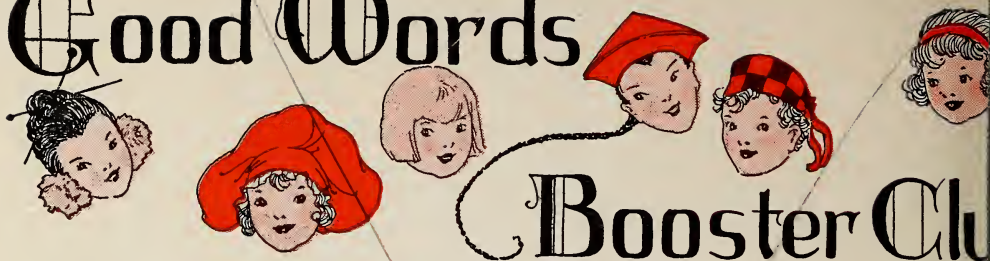
"But you could sit down and tell us about the party, couldn't you?" Dad pulled out a chair and bowed, that funny way he has, and I sat down—right on something. What do you suppose it was? It was a book—"The Lives of Our Presidents." I opened it, and inside the cover, in my dear dad's handwriting was, "To my own little Pal, whom I love."

I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, you are the best Dad in the world! And, Dad, I told Sally the truth."

"I knew I could count on you," he said.

So the truth won out, after all.

Good Words



Booster Club

*We radiate joy to all the world.
We speak only good words.*

This is a meeting of the Good Words Booster Club. If you are not a member and should like to join, write the secretary for an application blank. Each member is expected to keep the club pledge that is given on the blank. Send your letters to the Booster Club Secretary, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Each member must write four monthly letters to the club secretary, telling how he is keeping the pledge. When a Booster has written four letters, he may earn a Booster pin by sending in a subscription to *Wee Wisdom*, other than his own. Or he may purchase the pin for twenty-five cents. The pin has on it the three wise monkeys, representing, "I see no evil, I hear no evil, and I speak no evil."

We publish as many letters from members as we can. If you wish to have the club members pray with you for health, for help in your school work, or any good thing for yourself or others, ask the secretary to place your name on the list for prayers.

If you wish to correspond with other Boosters and are willing to answer their letters, you may have your name placed on the list for correspondents.

We welcome you to our meeting!

In September all our Booster members will begin to think about school and school work. Each one will begin new lessons, and some will go to new schools and have new schoolmates. No matter what your need may be, Divine Mind within you can help you to make this year the very best school year that you have ever had.

We have just received a letter which relates the story of a little girl who although she lived until she was ready for high school, in the Maine woods, far from good schools, graduated from the Pasadena, California, High School at fifteen, wrote her first book at twenty-one, and at twenty-two had finished college and was employed by the University of California in a very important position. Her story is very interesting to *Wee Wisdom* readers, as this young woman was a

Wee Wisdom reader when she was the girl. She has given a prayer she used when her school work was cult. We are giving it to you. "I don't need to worry; God is my Thinker. Divine Intelligence does this work for me." You *Wee Wisdom* readers are planning and dreaming of the wonderful, helpful things you are going to do when you are grown will find this little girl's prayer will help you.

We have received many other letters also that tell us how prayer and how have helped other children in school work. We are publishing some of them this month so that you may see how others have been helped.

Jack finds *Wee Wisdom* helpful in school work not only because the poems and stories can be used in school.

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Gaylord Bros. Inc.

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Syracuse, N. Y.

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